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JANUARY
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FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS, ADDRESS

Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa

Contents

Daybreak, Bess Williams, '11.....	5
A Trip With the Engineer, Raliegth Farlow, '14...	5
Another Wreck, Elbert Geissinger, '11.....	7
A Sonnet, Roy Leibsle, '11.....	8
Gwendolyn Green's Reflections on the Seniors....	8
Mid-year Class '11.....	9
Gwendolyn Green Writes a Prophecy of the '11 Class	12
Editorial	13
What's Doing	15
School Diary	20
Alumni	21
Debating	22
Splashes	24
Exchanges	25

THE QUILL

Vol. VIII

DES MOINES, IOWA, JANUARY, 1911

No. 4



Daybreak

BESS WILLIAMS, '11.

The nightingale has ceased to call
For it is night;
The stars are twinkling over all,
Before the light.

Now creeps the yellow shimmer thru'
The eastern sky.
The lark flies through the morning dew
With joyful cry.

'Tis daylight, and in every vale
The flowers awake,
That we their fragrance may inhale
Ere 'tis too late.

A Trip With the Engineer

RALIEGH FARLOW, '14.

I had just returned from Jackson from reporting a case for the Jackson News, and was stepping in the house when my friend, Engineer Bill Morton, passed by. He saw me and asked me if I could take a trip with him in his "old favorite" an "A" forty-five class engine, number 381, down to Natchez after a load of coke for an iron foundry in Jackson. Having no work for the next day, I consented.

Accordingly I arose at four o'clock in the morning and made my way down to the round house. There in the largest stall stood the monster of the rails. The wiper had done his work well and the fireman had got up steam. There she stood breathing out huge masses of smoke and steam, the roaring vibrating from wall to wall until it sounded like the distant rolls of artillery. She was the largest engine I had ever seen, and

her pulsations fairly shook the round-house. She was a four-driver and had a capacity of seventy-four thousand gallons of water, and a coal tonnage of twenty thousand pounds.

After what seemed a long time, Bill made his appearance. "She's ready," said the fireman, whose name was Jim. Nodding his head toward me Bill replied with a grin, "I aim to make her hit the seventy-five mark today."

We climbed into the cab, awaiting the signal to start. Presently the yard master appeared with his red light, spoke a few words to the engineer, and we wheeled onto the turn table. The boss switched us on to the clear track, and shouted, "All right, Bill, let her go." Just then I saw Bill lay a horny hand on the throttle, place a high steel-shod foot on the fire box door and pull back the great lever. With a lurch that nearly unseated me, the great Mogul bounded forward with a groaning of the air pits.

Waiting until we got beyond the twelve mile limit, Bill shouted an order for the fireman to shake out the ashes, clean the scuppers, and throw in more coal. Jim threw off his jacket, leaving bare his arms with their sinewy muscles under the dark skin, and began to apply the science of keeping up steam. Presently Bill opened the throttle another notch, and with a side glance at me shouted, "More coal, Jim, she's loafing at fifty-five."

Jim began to tumble down chunks of coal upon the deck, and cleave them up into slabs. He struck his sole of steel against them and they broke as if hit with a sledge. The work, he said, was to show the natives what 381 can do. On Bill's giving another order similar to the first, Jim replied, "There's where I make the safety screech."

Because of the jarring I was forced to take the fireman's seat. On my looking out the trees seemed to flit by, and the fence posts seemed pickets strung close together. No time elapsed between the wheezings of the escaping steam

from the cylinder boxes. The puffs of smoke from the enormous fire hole beneath the boiler could not be distinguished one from another. The click-clack of the rail joints had long since grown into a stifled roar.

"She's picking up," shouted the engineer as we rounded a curve, almost laying the engine over on her side. The perspiration stood out in great drops on the breast of the powerful Jim, but he merely grabbed a bunch of waste and rubbed it off with one sweep of his huge hands.

"Do you think we'll arrive on schedule?" asked Bill, but the terrific wind took my breath, and I only gasped.

Again Bill widened the throttle and I could hear the massive wheels grind on the rails. My feelings had now developed into a reckless enthusiasm, and I grabbed the pull-bar from where I sat and started to shake the ashes, but another lurch sent the bar from my hands. Bill had given the throttle its final notch, and no sound could be distinguished from the awful noise of the puffing of the smoke and jarring of the "bumpers."

Still elated I pulled out my watch and noted the time it took to pass between telegraph poles which I knew to be one hundred paces apart. Ten, twenty, thirty-five, fifty, and the second hand yet lacked fifteen seconds of completing its circuit. With a shudder I closed my watch, and clung to the window sill. Soon the outskirts of Natchez appeared in the distance and our pace began to slacken. As we drew into Natchez, I asked Bill when the next express left for Jackson, but he understood my question and assured me that with fifteen Standard Pittsburg cars of coke the journey back would not be quite so exciting.

Our load was waiting for us and after hooking up we started back on a quiet run at thirty-five miles an hour. When my feet were again on Jackson pavement, I thanked Bill for his kindness, and at the same time breathed thanks that I was alive.

Another Wreck

ELBERT GEISSINGER, '11.

(An old man's account of how he fell asleep in his easy chair and what happened.)

Within the baggage car Forget,
I placed my grips of Care;
Along with Worry, my favorite pet,
Whom I chained securely there.

Then pet and baggage safely stored,
E'er I knew what he was about,
The Sandman drew me gently aboard
And the Slumber Train pulled out.

He took me across the River Doze,
With Nodland on each side;
On through the Valley of Repose,
Where Peace and Bliss abide.

It stopped awhile at Refreshment
Spring,
On the top of Resting Hill:
Then glided with never a lurch or swing,
Down past the New Hope Mill.

Soon wondrous Dreamland came in view.
Ah, the scenery there was grand.
Its rivers and lakes and mountains blue
Were the work of an artist's hand.

The curves were many and often sharp.
Which made the scenes change fast.
But like the tunes from a golden harp.
Each was more beautiful than the last.

But, alas! no brakes has the Slumber
Train,
Its gentle speed to check,
And so in Dreamland the nervous strain,
Has often caused a wreck.

It happened this very trip to me,
Bad Dream, the bandit bold,
A monstrous rock of Anxiety,
On the right of way had rolled.

He had planned to break into my Nap,
And to rob me of my Rest.
No doubt he had set an ingenious trap
For this treasure which I possessed.

The engine struck—what else could it
do?
I was hurled into the air;
Then after falling an hour or two,
I lit in my easy chair.

I struggled up and opened my eyes;
I tried my best to groan,
I thought I was hurt but, to my surprise,
There was never a broken bone.

A committee of one then examined the
wreck,
For the question of cause arose;
And this was its verdict: "A crick in
the neck,
With falling of glasses from the nose."



A Sonnet

ROY LEIBSLE, '11.

When I consider how I studied thee,
 O Vergil's thick Aeneas, late at night,
 And thought I had the verbs and nouns
 all right,
 That my honor and percentage high
 might be;
 And when in class the teacher called on
 me,
 I rose and cleared my throat with might
 As though some sage with knowledge to
 delight—
 Then sat me down and said: "I know
 not thee;"

It passed on to the next, who stood up
 straight
 And rattled off adventures of the Greeks,
 Of how they toiled and besieged Troy
 for weeks.
 Then all my knowledge came again to
 me, too late—
 It seems to me that Latin best might
 stand
 In Latin. I will seek the language of
 my land.

Guendalyn Green's Reflections on the Seniors

Just look at those Seniors! Aren't they perfectly grand? I simply adore them. How wise they look! They must know a lot. I wonder if I'll ever be a Senior. Wouldn't it be great? And if I am, do you suppose I'll look as dignified as they do?

I knew a Senior once. My! but she was smart. She knew everything from A to Z—and she knew she knew it. One day she looked awfully sorrowful. I asked her what was the matter. She said one of her teachers had asked her a question, and she couldn't answer it. She felt so bad about it she could hardly recite all day.

I shouldn't think they'd have to study very much. I suppose they just naturally know the answers to all their questions. I wonder if, when I'm a Senior, I'll get "V. G." in everything, and never have any old finals to worry about. That would be heavenly! And to go around looking so solemn and thoughtful!

You know, I was over on the Senior

side of the assembly room the other day at intermission, and really, would you believe me, they don't talk about anything but their lessons. This girl I used to know said she hated to have intermission come because it took sometimes ten minutes from her recitations. I wonder if I'll ever be that way. Maybe I'd better begin now to practice thinking such things and looking that way. But I'm so little! I don't believe I'll ever grow up. And if I don't, I won't look like them.

I wonder if they're as serious as that when they go to parties. If I ever do cultivate a serious expression, I'll take mighty good care of it, even if I have to keep it in a bandbox when I'm not using it.

Imagine a Senior throwing snow balls; or coasting down hill on a sled! Or—or getting a return slip! But when I'm a Senior, if I begin practicing now, maybe I'll be just as wise, and solemn, and studious, and thoughtful, and dignified as they are.



Mid-year Class, 1911



WALTER BAKER
Scientific



ROBERT BURKHARDT
Latin



ALFRED COHEN
Scientific



ALICE DIETZ
Scientific



RUTH GRIFFIN
Scientific



IRMA HAMPTON
Latin



FRED HAST
Scientific



INA HOFFMAN
Scientific

THE QUILL



CLARA HORNER
Scientific



WARD E. KEAT
Latin



SARA LAVINE
Latin



PAULINE MARCUS
Scientific



HAROLD OZANNE
Scientific



SARA PATTERSON
Scientific



PEARL PHILLIPS
Scientific



ELEDA RASCK
Scientific



HARRY REYNOLDS
Scientific



MEYER SILBERMAN
Scientific



SEPPY SILBERMAN
Latin



LEONE SUTTON
Scientific



RAY SPANGLER
Latin



RUTH TURBY
Scientific



CLARENCE VETTER
Scientific

Gwendolyn Green Writes a Prophecy of the '11 Class

It was in the autumn of 1920 when two travellers, having missed their trains, recognized each other as graduates of East High, of the class of 1911. They were Lady De Kinderknicken and Duchess Von Vogalkonigsten, formally Ina Hoffman and Pearl Phillips. After affectionate greetings, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, my dear Pearl! Who would have thought to meet you here. And how little you have changed! Outside of that wonderfully dignified air you have assumed, you are just the same as when we were classmates."

"Hardly less dignified than you, dear-est Ina. You are the first I have seen of our class for many years,—in fact since I left Des Moines. What has become of all our old class mates? I met Paul Brumfield not long ago. He seems to be a confirmed globe trotter. He said he had seen Clarence Vetter, who is a professor of German in the University of Berlin."

"They say Fred Hast is wearing himself away trying to invent an electric automobile that will run without batteries. Harold Ozanne, too, is a great inventor, while Alfred Cohen owns and directs an aeroplane factory."

"Poor Seppy Silberman! They say he just missed his last opportunity for success. But I think Forest Geneva has made good, and is now the leading Amer-

ican baritone. Leone Sutton, too, is prominent in American music circles. She is the prima donna in an opera written for her."

"Ray Spangler has been twice elected governor of Iowa. Alice Dietz is his stenographer. Oh, that reminds me, I heard that Ruth Griffin had married her employer."

"I met Ward Keat about a year ago. He is an evangelist, while Walter Baker is traveling with him as a singer."

"Robert Burkhardt has taken Colonel Roosevelt's place on the Outlook. And Erma Hampton is now principal of old East High."

"Clara Horner owns very fashionable hair dressing parlors in Des Moines and Sara La Vine is at the head of the music department at Drake. Sara Patterson is custodian of the Settlement House."

"Have you heard that Pauline Marcus married a very wealthy diamond merchant, and Ruth Turby, too, is a leader of society?"

"I suppose you know about how Eleda Rasek finally won Women's Suffrage."

"Yes, and of the great bridge Harry Reynolds as chief engineer, is constructing from the mainland to Cuba."

"With Myer Silberman as speaker of the House, it seems as though the 1911 class is pretty well known in the nation as well as the state."





THE QUILL

Published by the Students of the East High School,
Des Moines, Iowa.

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	VEER LOPER		
LITERARY {	ELOISE MILLER	ATHLETICS.....	ROBT. BURKHARDT
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Address all Communications to Editor-in-Chief.

Contributions from the Friends and Students of the School are Always Welcome.

As this is the last issue of the Quill in which we three members of the staff will have an active part, we wish to extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to the members of the faculty and school who have aided us so materially in keeping up our departments. We especially wish to thank Miss Patterson, without whose help and suggestions we would have been hopelessly lost many times.

In leaving it is our one regret that the paper is not supported by the students as it should be. It is true that we have had better success in disposing of copies than ever before, but with almost seven hundred pupils in school, it seems that

we should be able to dispose of more than four hundred and sixty copies each month, that being the largest number we have ever sold excepting of a commencement number. You must get busy and boost the staff who will have charge the rest of the year, as their work will be much harder, because of the unusual change in management.

ROBERT BURKHARDT,

Editor-in-Chief.

WARD E. KEAT,

Business Manager.

RAY SPANGLER,

What's Doing Editor.

The New Year

The new year has arrived, as you probably have heard, and with it the usual multitude of good resolutions. According to the teachers, a number of our pupils have made new resolves and so far are sticking to them. May the good work keep up.

You must remember, however, that there is no effort required to make a resolution or, for that matter, a myriad of them, but it takes a person of real character and moral stamina to set himself to do something hard and do it. East High has a number of just such people, and it is a thing to be proud of. But alas. We must also confess that there are some in our number who although they possess such qualities, are loath to put them in use. In plain words, they lack ambition. If you are one of this latter class, wake up and assert yourself and see how much better you feel. Begin today. Some great philosopher has uttered a choice phrase to apply to such people. Not recalling the exact words we take the liberty of putting the thought in our own words: Verily, the man who is lacking in ambition might do worse by himself than jump in the lake.

The New Building

Work on our new building on State Square is progressing rapidly, and the contractors are confident of fulfilling their part of the contract, which calls for the completion of the building by January 1, 1912.

The stone for the first story is almost all in place, and the carpenters are at work fitting the window and door frames.

The following anonymous communication has been received by the editor. The letter in a way explains itself. If

any mistake has been made, we cheerfully remedy it, and admit that we are wrong about the number of men who have made the East High football team in their Freshman year, and have played four consecutive seasons. Although it is against our policy to publish unsigned communications of any sort, the rule is overlooked this time and the letter follows:

January 6, 1911.

Editor Quill,
City.

Dear Sir: I have noticed a statement which has appeared in your paper a number of times in the past year or so, namely that John Brophy was the first man to make the first team in his freshman year and the first man to play for four consecutive years on the same. Now it is a shame to spoil such a record but facts are facts. If you will bother to look the matter up you will find that the feat has been accomplished a number of times. I believe Currie Chase was the first to make the team in his freshman year and to play four years—1895, '96, '97 and '98. Others who made the team in their freshman years and the number of years played are:

Otto Starzinger, 4 years, 1896, '97, '98 and '99.

Roy Doran, 4 years, 1899, '00, '01 and '02.

Gus Freberg, 5 years, 1900, '01, '02, '03 and '04.

Oscar ("Skee") Freberg, 4 years, years, 1901, '02, '03 and '04.

Ralph Taylor, 4 years, 1901, '02, '03 and '04.

John Van Liew, your present coach, played five years, 1897, '98, '99, '00 and '01, though he did not make the team in his freshman year. There are probably others but I do not think of them now. Look this up and you will find it *correct*.

AN ALUMNUS.



WHAT'S DOING



Hopestrasse 51,
Liepzig, Germany.

Dear Editor: Two numbers of the Quill have reached me and they seem to me the best numbers I have ever seen. I cannot determine whether you have so greatly improved on the work of your predecessors or whether my being so far away from the actual life of East High has increased the value of any information concerning its welfare or its student body. Certain I am however, that if every one were as glad to get it as I am there would be no necessity for editorials urging people to subscribe for the Quill. I have followed at a respectful distance of two weeks the exciting football history of this fall. It is a tremendous test of patience to wait two weeks for results and I shall be eternally grateful to the friends who cabled me the result of the East-West High game. I waited a week after that for news of the North-East game but I felt sure that we must have won that also; for no one would have bothered to send a cable unless we had won both.

This is the week before Christmas and Leipzig is already preparing for that day. You never saw so many Christmas trees. Every little square is filled with them and wagons loaded with them are daily coming into the city. They have here a Christmas Messe or Fair. Booths are erected down town and every sort of thing is for sale at these booths. No one seems to mind the cold, except the foreigners. The phonograph booth, where every discordant sound is heard, is decorated with numerous American flags. I hope it is not the German's idea of American music. It is entertaining to walk around among the things, but one

is importuned on every hand to buy and cannot linger long. I confess the large cakes with German verses in lovely white frosting on them attract me most and I shall have to have one before the week is over to find out whether they are as poetic as they look. This is too late for wishing you the merry Christmas which I am sure you had but it is not too late to wish for East High the best that 1911 has to give.

Very sincerely yours,

SARAH R. WICKWARE.

* * *

The first open evening of the season was held at the school house on the evening of December 15. In accordance with the custom established last year, the school holds during the winter a series of regular entertainments, with an admission fee of ten cents, the purpose of these being two-fold: the proceeds suffice to keep up the current expenses of the school, and, furthermore, the students are given an evening of social and literary enjoyment. On this first open evening, we were admirably entertained by the Highland Park School of Oratory, headed by Miss Katherine Smith. Two of the participants were East High graduates, who are now attending that college, Bessie Buchanan and Ethel Baird. The program consisted of several readings and a play, "Six Cups of Chocolate." The play proved very highly entertaining because of the novel situations, and distinct characters represented. Six frivolous young ladies meet at the home of one of their number on a certain afternoon to indulge in a cup of chocolate. Previous to this, each has received an arduous love letter from a handsome young man of the community

and all are bubbling over with vanity. On coming together, they find it impossible to withhold their secrets and finally one volunteers to read her letter. Imagine the consternation when it is discovered that all six letters are identically the same and are signed by the same person. After a period of tears and indignation the victims retaliate and write a curt note to the perpetrator, which partially atones for the injured hearts.

PROGRAM.

Orchestra Numbers.

Reading, "Vicarious Flirtation".....

..... Bessie Buchanan

Reading, "Her Tailor-Made Gown"....

..... Blanche Ridnour

Reading, "Matrimonial Experiment"

..... Kathryn Atkins

Play....."Six Cups of Chocolate"

CAST.

Adeline Von Lindean..Blanche Ridnour

Dorothy Greene.....Bessie Buchanan

Marion Lee.....Ethel Beard

Hester Beacon.....Emily Scanlon

Beatrice Van Courtland...Pearl Guinn

Jeannette Durand.....Kathryn Atkins

Time—Present.

Place—Hartford, Conn.

* * *

For the second time within ten days, Miss Frances Church received a telegram announcing death in her family. The first announced the death of her brother-in-law, and the second, which was received December 14, brought the sad news of the passing of her mother. Both Miss May and Miss Frances Church left immediately for Nebraska City, where the stricken family resides. The former returned the following week to take up her work and the latter remained until after vacation. Surely our deepest sympathies lie with Miss Church and her relatives.

* * *

One of the numerous vacation events was a "watch" party, given the evening of December 31 by Miss Pearl Phillips at her home on West Eleventh street. The guests, who were made up for the most part of North and East High students, were well entertained with various

original forms of amusement. A very appropriate luncheon was served at the last hour of the old year.

* * *

Some little anxiety was expressed previous to the last day, before the Christmas vacation, because of the apparent lack of a suitable program. It is an unwritten law that East High shall be entertained on this day, as it is Christmas for our whole school family and a time for the said family to be merrier than usual. It had been said that if there were an entertainment it would be at the suggestion of the pupils. Generally a Christmas tree or a presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" is the feature, but this year no one knew what to count on.

Everybody was expectant on the morning of the 21st and their fears, as to the outcome, were put away with the initial treat of the day, when Mrs. Nellie Chester Hopkins gave a reading from "Ben Hur." It was the story of the shepherds and the star of Bethlehem, a very appropriate selection, well rendered and well received.

After the first period, which was not very long, Mr. Haggard came forth with his second account of his travels in Europe. Humorous experiences with the muddy roads of Italy on a motorcycle, and descriptions of Germany at Yuletide, combined to make this talk as good or better than the first of the series. The school was especially impressed with Mr. Haggard's account of his Christmas dinner in Dresden.

Carl Burkman and Forrest Geneva then delighted the school with several pieces of good old rag-time, sung in a manner which deserves credit. When it is considered that the piano was not used in the numbers, the performance was really first-class. "Casey Jones" was rendered as an encore by request.

Considerable disappointment was manifest when, after this brief program, recitations were resumed and the school again became business like. A little later, however, relief came when three bells were sounded and the pupils assembled to hear the result of the election of water-boy, which had taken place the day

before. Albert Garvey, of the counting committee, announced that after going carefully over the ballots, it was found that Frank Harty had won the position by a large majority. He therewith called the happy office-holder to the platform and presented him with a shining tin bucket of boiled water, so that he could immediately begin his duties. After a modest little speech of acceptance he did honor to Miss Goodrell by offering her the first drink.

The Girls' Glee Club appeared after this, giving a brief song recital.

About this time, the appearance of Santa Claus at the north end of the platform caused considerable commotion among the children. His pack resembled an enlarged bundle of the week's washing and everybody wondered how he ever transported it all the way from the north pole. With the very mysterious air peculiar to him, he slowly opened the bag and began to distribute the presents. These, being accompanied with appropriate speeches by Santa, covered a wide range, varying from autos and airships to dominoes and ponies. Each was designed to be especially adapted to the needs of the receiver and, it is needless to say, that some of them suited very well. This part of the program reflects much credit on the originality of those who planned it.

At this stage of the program, Miss Goodrell thought it about time to bring in her surprise of the day, and therewith introduced Professor Adrian Newens. Without doubt his reading was one of the best that has ever been heard on East High's platform. With the first utterance of Prof. Newens, his hearers realized that they were to listen to something worth while. The reading, which consisted of selections from the English comedy, "A Message From Mars," to cover the whole story of the play, held the perfect attention of the school for two hours or more. At the conclusion, the speaker expressed the hope that we had absorbed the moral of the play, as it was especially appropriate to the Christmas season.

After this, the Quills were distributed, and a little later with many a "Merry

Christmas" and "Happy New Year!" the school went home to begin a happy vacation.

* * *

Professor Athearn of Drake University gave a very interesting talk to the school on Friday morning, January 13. According to his figures, and we have no reason to doubt them, a person earns ten dollars every day he attends school. He also gave other interesting statistics of these stupendous feats which could be accomplished with the energy possessed by the twelve million young men of our country.

* * *

As had been planned, the school was assembled at 11 o'clock, January 18, to fill the corner box that was to be placed in the corner stone of our new building. Because of inexperience in filling corner stones and doubt as to what our descendants would like to find therein, the ceremony proved rather a novelty. After Miss Goodrell had exhausted her supply of articles to deposit, some very good suggestions were offered by members of the school. As each was stowed away in the box to be discovered many ages hence, Miss Goodrell gave explanations and read what was important. While she was depositing the photographs of those who have been most prominent in upbuilding East High, Mr. Peterson arose and demanded that Miss Goodrell's picture be placed among the number. A member of the faculty had thoughtfully brought our principal's likeness to school for the purpose, so with the unanimous approval of the students, her picture was placed with the two others, Mr. Hiatt's and Mr. Riddell's. The box was then sealed and hurried to the "Square," where further ceremonies were to be held.

At 11:30 the school marched in a body to the site of the new East High to take part in the fourth important event in the history of our new building. The school had circulated petitions for the bond issue; had transported voters to the polls on election day; had dug the first dirt when the erection was begun; and now we were to view the laying of the corner-stone. The next event will be

a vast home-coming in honor of the completion of the building. Wonders will never cease when determination and energy form a combination against opposition.

The ceremony opened with the singing of the school song, led by Mr. Peterson. Both Superintendent Riddell and Mr. McKinney gave short addresses, and then the historic stone was lowered to its place. Miss Goodrell, who was given the honor of setting the stone, handled the trowel and the maul with surprising skill. After the singing of "America," Rev. Keats pronounced the benediction and everybody went home feeling that he had taken part in an important event in the history of both East High and East Des Moines.

* * *

The following is a complete list of the articles contained in the corner-stone of the new East High School building at East Thirteenth and Maple streets: A copy of the Bible; an American silk flag; a record of the Commercial League banquet held at East High preceding the bond appropriation; a souvenir edition of the Daily Capital; a copy of the Daily Register and Leader and the Evening Tribune; both football extras announcing East High victories; a copy of the Daily News, also a football extra; a copy of Plain Talk, an East Des Moines paper; three phonograph records of East High songs and yells; a lump of charcoal, souvenir of the bonfire which was held after the voting of bonds for the new building; a list of all the graduates of East High; two school reports of Mr. Riddell's, 1908 and 1909; Iowa Official Register; a copy of the Des Moines plan of government; an Iowa educational directory; a copy of the magazine "Wealth," published by the Des Moines booster committee; a copy of Governor Carroll's recent inaugural address; the names of the Great Des Moines committee; a record and guide of Des Moines; a list of members of East Des Moines Commercial League; menu and program of their banquet at East High; last commencement number of the Quill and also the three numbers of this year; an E. H. S. pennant; a cut of the new

building; sample tags that were used for the campaign for the new building; a photograph of the children of the graduates taken at the home-coming; a view of the football team in action; a view of the football team in their blankets; a long panel picture of the team of 1910; pictures of Bryant and of Webster schools, each of which the high school has occupied; a picture of present building; a copy of football yells and songs; a constitution of the Debating Society; a return slip, an admit card and a tardy card; a history on parchment of the struggle for the new building; the present membership enrollment of the school; a photo of the students and faculty; portraits of three notables in the founding of schools in Des Moines, Miss May Goodrell, principal of East High, Mr. Amos Hiatt, former superintendent of schools in East Des Moines, and Mr. W. O. Riddle, present superintendent of schools in Des Moines.

* * *

Each year the members of the Des Moines school board are given a dinner by the girls of the domestic science department. In the past, this event has been such a success that it is safe to say that now they look forward to one good square meal a year, at least. The luncheon was served at noon in the domestic science dining room. All the advanced pupils combined, under the direction of Miss Schiffer, succeeded in laying before their guests a delicious feast. The following menu was served:

Cream of Tomato Soup		
Wafers		Celery
Grape Juice		
Maryland Fried Chicken		
		Cream Dressing
Onions	Rolls	Rice
Pear Salad	Wafers	
Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream		
Coffee		Bon Bons
* * *		

On January 16, East High underwent a very unique experience. Through the kindness of Hopkins Bros., a phonograph was placed at our disposal, for the purpose of making a few records of our songs and yells, to be placed in the corner-stone of the new building. After

a strenuous bit of singing and yelling into the horn, the lever was reversed and out came an exact reproduction of an East High football assembly. The only regret is that the machine does not produce enough volume to give our great-great-grandchildren a correct idea of the amount of noise we can make.

On the following day, another novelty was produced for the receptive cornerstone, in the shape of a panoramic photograph of the entire school. Promptly at one o'clock, the students and faculty assembled in a long line at the west end of the building and the camera was turned upon us. It is to be hoped that a good picture will be the reward, so the future generations a few centuries from now may see what a really fine looking crowd we are.

* * *

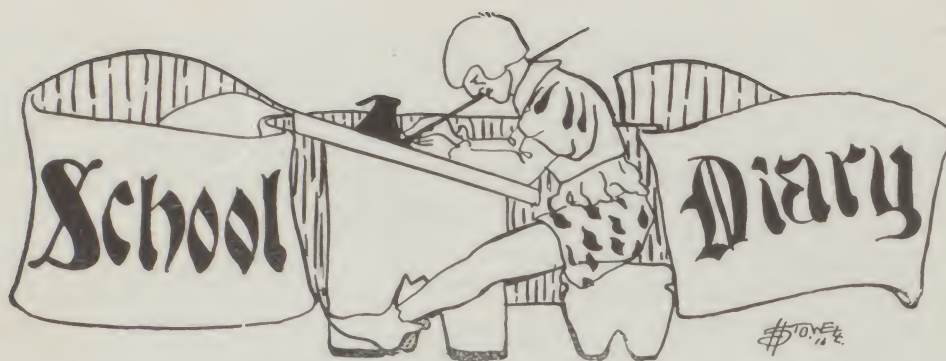
The usual mid-year promotion took place on Friday, January 20. The greater part of the morning was spent in handing in books and receiving those little slips indicative either of joy or disappointment. At eleven-thirty, the outgoing class mounted the platform amid the "matter-of-course" applause and after a short interval eighteen blushing Freshmen entered the south door, to begin their dreaded march across the room. Being duly seated they were horrified to hear from the direction where they had entered, "Freshmen, Freshmen 1911, won't get out till '27." Without even an opportunity of remonstrance, they were immediately compelled to receive advice from those on the platform. Dur-

ing the course of the speech-making, Miss Goodrell was presented with six silver spoons by the class of 1911. Her words of acceptance were few, but no one failed to get the sincerity and undercurrent of love for East High and all its graduates.

* * *

Forrest Geneva and Carl Burekman again rendered their "touching little ditties" to a very appreciative audience. Mrs. Wilson, who severed her connections with East High on that day, showered compliments upon the school and its principal in her farewell speech. About this time the Senior spell-down was "pulled off." There being thirteen boys and twelve girls in the class, it was decided that the match should be a contest between the sexes instead of the usual choosing of sides, the losers to give a spread to the others. The boys seem to have done some cramming, as there were three boys still standing after the girls were down. Later the class again took their seats on the platform and at their request Albert Garvey, who has been so popular among us, gave a speech of farewell. High schoolers are not accustomed to giving orations, but this time Mr. Garvey did just a little better than ever before and placed his name alongside of Cicero's. We certainly lose a friend when he betakes himself to Drake University and begins his work there. Very soon after this, dismissal was announced and the new members of the Alumni Association left the building to take up their work in other fields.





Monday, Dec. 12.—Found—Our intermissions! Warning cards issued for the third month.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.—Uneventful—except good order in assembly.

Wednesday, Dec. 14.—Just one week till good old vacation time.

Thursday, Dec. 15.—Miss Goodrell read a list of Japanese rules regulating the treatment of foreigners. Some of them were very applicable to us in America. The odors from the domestic science rooms, along about 12 o'clock, were enough to almost cause a panic among the epicureans.

Friday, Dec. 16.—“Everything quiet on the Potomac.”

Monday, Dec. 19.—Horrors! East High voted dry by the school board. Listless singing at opening exercises.

Tuesday, Dec. 20.—Official election of water-boy. The “wet” element finding life unbearable with the “lid down.”

Wednesday, Dec. 21.—One of those days when a fellow considers himself lucky to be enrolled at East High. Off for vacation.

Monday, Jan. 2, 1911.—All glad to get back! Alas! much gloom. Everybody sent home because of mercury's hesitancy to rise in his tube.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—Building warm. Many of those with delicate constitutions braved the inclement weather to get to school.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—Seniors given their former seats of honor in the south

section. Staff meeting at one o'clock.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—Our labors lightened by the beautiful music throughout the morning. Senior meeting at one o'clock.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Committee appointed to transfer the “red” books to the assembly room so we could sing new songs. Ready for the “home stretch” in the race against the “finals.”

Monday, Jan. 9.—Reviews the first period, reviews the second, and the rest of the time we studied—reviews.

Tuesday, Jan. 10.—Program for finals announced. Teachers seem to delight in “piling it on.”

Wednesday, Jan. 11.—Nothing startling.

Thursday, Jan. 12.—Ten minute song service as a farewell to the “green” books. Somebody pulled a steam plug at intermission—presumably to hear it hiss.

Friday, Jan. 13.—Ten dollars per day is a very good salary, but—when did you say pay day is? It's a bleak day that brings nobody good.

Monday, Jan. 16.—No opening exercises. New article on the market—condensed noise—raw material furnished by East High producers. Suggestion: That the record with the yells be played before West High. No doubt they would recognize “Their Master's Voice.”

Tuesday, Jan. 17.—Obituary: Mr. Intermission passed away in the presence of his relatives at 10:55 a. m. Although having been overworked for the last year or two, his death was unexpected at the

last and is mourned by a host of friends. Mr. Intermission was an early pioneer at East High and was a potent factor in the growth of the school.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—Last recitations of the semester. Laying of the cornerstone for the new building at 11:30 a. m. English finals at 1:30.

Thursday, Jan. 19.—Vacation for the

intellectual people. Finals occupy the whole day. Nervous hours in the assembly room.

Friday, Jan. 20.—Seniors say good-bye. B Freshmen getting scarce, only eighteen this time. East High very proud of her Senior masculine spellers, who won the treats from the girls. More test for the Seniors in the afternoon.

Alumni

Veronica Glenn of class of 1910 is teaching school at Harper's Ferry.

* * *

Amy Patten of '09, who is teaching

school at Eagle Grove, spent her Christmas vacation at home.

* * *

Edna Flint, of class of 1910, is teaching school in Avon.



HIS FIRST STEP.

Debating

On Friday, December 10, was held the third meeting of the Boys' Debating Society this year. A novel and interesting method of presenting current events was inaugurated at this meeting. Mr. Brown, after hearing an address delivered by Mr. Harvey Ingham, in which the latter advanced the theory that elocution was simply conversation raised to a higher level, conceived the idea that the debating society might be a good place for an experiment along that line, and the present "conversation" feature is the result. In place of having the current events given by one member, as formerly, a group of boys, seated before the society, discuss the topics of the time and exchange their views. This serves a double purpose: It informs the society and benefits the participant. The first few trials have proved so successful that it has been made a permanent feature.

The program:

Debate: Resolved, that there should be a property qualification for the exercise of the suffrage right in all municipal elections.

Affirmative: Negative:

Carl Bock. Oliver Elliott.
Seppy Silberman. Harold Ozanne.

Piano Solo Roy Bock
Continental Revolutions of 1910.....

..... John Gracely
Raising of the Maine ... Don Winterode

Conversation:

A. Buchanan.
A. Garvey.
E. Everett.
M. Baker.

Work of the D. M. Publicity Bureau
..... Harold Newman

Judges for debate: Mr. Brown, C. Mullen, J. Baldrige.

Decision: Negative, 5; affirmative, 0.

In the business meeting following the program, fifteen new members were admitted.

At the next meeting of the society, January 6, the debate, although the participants were all new members, was hotly contested. Mr. Robinson's oratory, however, won for his side a unanimous decision. Albert Garvey gave the society the first of a series of talks on the world's celebrities. His sketch of Solon was interesting and in a great measure, no doubt, original. The life of Thomas Edison was fully discussed by one of his greatest admirers, Harold Ozanne, whose mania for electricity and everything mechanical stood him in good stead, and made his talk doubly interesting.

Program:

Debate: Resolved, that congress should fortify the Panama canal rather than neutralize it.

Affirmative: Negative:

C. Vetter. M. Robinson.
L. Jacobson. H. Haas.

The Progress of the New Building...

..... M. Allison

Current Event Conversation:

W. Keat.
R. Spangler.
M. Silberman.

Meaning of a Trade School in D. M. ...

..... O. Elliott

Thomas Edison H. Ozanne

1910 in History C. Ashen

Troubles of Mannel S. Silberman

The World's Celebrities

Series 1—Solon A. Garvey

Judges for debate: Mr. Brown, N. Garrett, C. Troeger.

Decision: Negative, 3; affirmative, 0.

In the business meeting, the society was divided into two divisions and captains were chosen for each. Members representing each side will debate every Friday night and the winner of two out of three debates will be banquetted the fourth week at the expense of the loser.

In the debate at the next meeting, visions of a sumptuous spread at the ex-

pense of a rival made the competition keener. A great many good points were brought up by the voluntary debaters on both sides. As a consequence, the decision of the judges was not unanimous for the first time this year.

The program:

Debate: Resolved, that the coming legislature should adopt the Oregon plan for electing U. S. senators.

Affirmative:	Negative:
W. Keat.	A. Garvey.
R. Spangler.	A. Cohen.

Current Event Conversation:

F. McNulty.
N. Garrett.
S. Silberman.
J. Koons.

Do the Results Justify the Life Cost
of AviationR. Hudson

Side Lights—HannibalM. Allison

The Cause of Iowa's Depopulation..
.....H. Newman

The Gas AgitationJ. Cavanaugh

The Recent Decoration of the State
Historical BuildingEd. Everett



Splashes

Miss S. (cleaning chicken in domestic science): "Now, girls, cut off your head."

* * *

L. J. (B. Senior English): "An example of an elegy is Gray's Elegy In a Country Farm Yard."

* * *

Mr. B.: "What did Europe think would become of the heterogeneous conglomeration of the colonies?"

Not a pupil raised his hand.

* * *

Miss G. (English class studying "Ivanhoe"): "State the catastrophe of the book."

J. W.: "Marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena."

* * *

Mr. P.: "Our ears are not shaped just like some other animals."

* * *

Miss St. J. (holding some scraps of paper): "I just picked these up in the hall. You pupils ought to pick up all the scraps of paper you see about the building."

Mr. R.: "Then that little janitor of ours wouldn't have anything to do and he'd get canned."

* * *

Miss G.: "Why did Bryce want to buy the horse, Wildfire, from Dunstan?"

S. B.: "Because he wanted a good horse bad."

* * *

Miss B. (German): "Decline bright or clever eye, Sam."

S. F.: "Do you mean me?"

Miss B.: "No, e-y-e."

Mr. D.: "Nathan, where does the wind come from?"

N. G. (promptly): "From all four directions."

* * *

Mr. M.: "Verne, I can't tell anything about your work. It looks like hay stacks."

* * *

Miss W. (telling the first hour Latin class how to study): "Now, I don't want you to be parrots."

* * *

V. H. (translating Latin): "We have seen the head soldiers."

Miss W.: "No!"

V. H.: "Well, then, the foot soldiers."

* * *

M. O. (A Junior English): "Why, its never too late to get married."

Miss McB.: "Well, Mose, that's encouraging."

* * *

Miss St. J.: "Why does boiled water taste flat?"

H. B.: "Because all the germs are out of it."

* * *

Mr. P.: "What does a siphon look like?"

Hazel H.: "Like U."

* * *

Ralph A. (B Junior Latin): "We are born without sense."

* * *

A REQUEST.

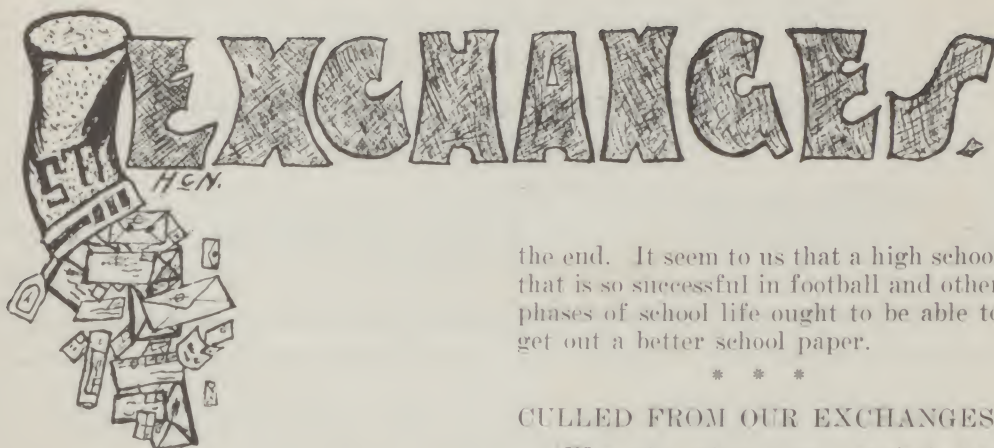
Please bear this little thought in mind:

My purse is growing thin,

So if my books perchance you find,

Be sure to turn them in.

—E. H. Geissinger.



The Tabula, Oak Park, Ill., has a splendid Christmas edition. It is especially to be complimented upon its many cartoons and illustrations and the completeness of its literary department. Nearly every story and article is illustrated and every department has a heading. A special feature in this number is an incomplete story in which the missing words or phrases are to be supplied with proper names found among the advertisers. Prizes are offered for the best answers. We believe, however, that if the editorial and exchange departments were enlarged the paper would be more evenly balanced.

* * *

The Newtonia, from Newton, Iowa, is a snappy little paper—in fact it is almost too lively. It is not good taste to allow your desire to make a paper interesting take the form of flippancy. A proper amount of seriousness and reserve should be observed at all times, especially in the editorials.

* * *

The Christmas edition of The Forum from St. Joseph is poor, to say the least. It is a puzzle to us how it exists. There are only about three pages of advertising, the inside of the cover, and a whole leaf at the end are blank, and yet the advertising is mingled with the literary portion. The idea of having the odds and ends of stories and unfinished departments on the last page, is another bad feature. The right place for jokes is not in the middle of the paper but at

the end. It seem to us that a high school that is so successful in football and other phases of school life ought to be able to get out a better school paper.

* * *

CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

"Was the play very tragical last night?"

"Awfully! Even the seats were in tiers."

* * *

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before; no sob, no sigh forced its way from the heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence; then all silent except for a guttural murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

* * *

"Sir, your son has just joined a high school 'frat.' These high school frats—"

"Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"

* * *

When we think of the woes of Ireland, our heart goes "Pity Pat."

* * *

Teacher: "Can you give me a sentence using 'notwithstanding'?"

Johnny: "The old red cow was tired, but notwithstanding."

* * *

Teacher: "John, come forth."

John sat still.

Teacher: "John, why don't you come forth?"

John: "I am waiting for the other three to go forward so I may come forth."

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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Phone East 215

At the Coliseum Roller Skating

Every Afternoon and Evening

Saturday Afternoon High School
Students and Friends

Admission and Skates 25c

Jay: "Do you know anything of
Rad's whereabouts?"

Kay: "Come to think of it, I believe
they are in the wash."

* * *

Student (reading Latin): "Twice I
attempted to throw my arms about her—
that's as far as I got."

Teacher: "Quite far enough, sir."

* * *

The steam roller rolled on the stray ca-
nine,

And flattened him east and west,

He hadn't a chance to utter a whine,

But his pants, no doubt, were pressed.

* * *

Teacher: "Give the dative of
donum."

Pupil: "Don' know."

Teacher: "Correct, sir."

* * *

TO CICERO.

If there should be another flood.

Then to this refuge fly;

Though all the earth would be sub-
merged

This book would still be dry.

J. A. IRVING

EXPERT OPTICIAN

Glasses Scientifically Fitted in all of the best
and latest styles or designs

Correct Fitting Guaranteed

HOLMES-IRVING CO.

517 East Locust Street

Latin Teacher: "Give me the prin-
cipal parts of possum."

Pupil: "Head, legs and tail."

* * *

A goat ate all our jokes,

And then began to run;

"I cannot stop," he softly said,

"I am so full of fun."

* * *

Teacher: "If the president and vice
president of the United States die, who
then will get the job?"

Pupil: "The undertaker."

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In Fact All That's
GOOD TO EAT

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RESTAURANT**

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